

Iron Mt. Episcopal Mission.—Joseph H. Foy, D. D. Minister in Charge. Appointments to preach—Ironton, on the first Sunday in every month. DeSoto on 2d and 4th Sundays. Crystal City on 3d Sundays.

Weather Report

DATE.	7 a.m.	9 a.m.	11 a.m.	1 p.m.	3 p.m.	5 p.m.	7 p.m.	9 p.m.	11 p.m.	RAIN.
Sep 14...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
15...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
16...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
17...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
18...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
19...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
20...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
21...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
22...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
23...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0
24...	54	70	80	85	85	80	70	60	50	0

LOCAL BREVITIES.**Card of Thanks.**

The relatives of the late Joseph L. Stephens desire to return thanks to their neighbors and friends for the sympathy and many acts of kindness extended them in their hour of affliction. Those expressions of condolence and sympathetic assistance went as far as might be in lightening the burden of sorrow and giving a silver lining to the cloud of their misfortune.

Mrs. Davis has just received a new consignment of fine candles. Call and try them. A half-dozen plates and a silver spoon await owners at this office. Call and get them.

If our readers will bear with us yet this week, we will give them a newspaper hereafter.

Rev. Thomas Morris, of Graniteville, will preach at Pilot Knob next Sunday at 7:30 P. M.

The Syntite Granite Company have secured a contract for one hundred and fifty cars of cut stone, from Chicago.

The funeral services of the child of Mr. and Mrs. Putnam will take place at Middlebrook next Sabbath at 4 o'clock.

"Tis dry and hot "in the Sweet September," but happily corn is made, and the weather-clerk is no longer king.

The Bonanza Annex is now in full blast, with a full stock of Groceries, fresh and pure, to be sold at the lowest possible prices.

Three napki—large size, with red border—are missing since the festival last Thursday evening. Will you please return them to this office?

J. B. Walker, Esq., was called to Squire McNeely's Monday, to attend to six railroad cases, and we understand that he came off victorious in each case.

The St. Louis Ore and Steel Company paid off Saturday, in "hard cash" exclusively. In the words of an astonished citizen, they "ran out of money and paid in gold."

Lost—A gold pin about three inches long, with a little fan at the head, and chain with ball attached. One ruby set in fan. Finder will return to this office, and receive reward.

Our old friend, Martin Collins, Esq., last Saturday presented us a sweet potato weighing four and one-half pounds. It was not a yam, but a regular, orthodox sweet potato, round, smooth, and of the true color. Who can beat it?

A remarkable story comes to our ears, of an attempted capture last Thursday night, an armed posse, resistance en barriade, a charge to the rear, flying bullets, a death, and a resurrection. We don't care to go into particulars, but it is Patton that if you Kolb on the right party you can hear all about it. Try Jas. Press, Esq.

The Ironton Cornet Band boys hereby return thanks to their many friends for assistance in the Festival Thursday night. Especially do they acknowledge the aid extended by Mrs. M. J. Sanner and Mrs. P. R. Crisp, who kindly took the management of the affair, and brought unlooked-for success out of it. The net proceeds were thirty-five dollars—about an X more than was expected.

The First Annual Fall Race Meeting of the St. Louis Ramblers' Bicycle Club to be held at the Fair Grounds in St. Louis on the 25th and 26th inst., will be an exhibition well worth traveling miles to enjoy. The cheap railroad fare and a chance to see the great Exposition at one and the same time will no doubt attract many from this part of the State; and they should, for this combination of sights and pleasures will more than repay the small expense attending the same.

C. D. Yancey, State Senator from this district, will accept thanks for a copy of the Fish Commissioners report for the State of Missouri for the last year. There is no document issued from the Departments of State that has a higher estimate in our opinion than this same Fish Commission report, and we urge upon the Legislature at its next session to make it a Game Commission as well, and see that an appropriation commensurate with its usefulness and importance be made, that will give life to, instead of crippling, the good work of the Commission.

Report of the Pilot Knob Public School for the 1st and 2d weeks of Sept., 1885:

ADVANCED DEPARTMENT.

No. of pupils enrolled—male, 24; female, 19—37. Average age of pupils, in years, 12.5.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

No. of pupils enrolled—male, 22; female, 21—43. Average age of pupils, in years, 10.5.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

No. of pupils enrolled—male, 39; female, 24—63. Average age of pupils, in years, 7.5.

BORN—To Mr. and Mrs. John Northy, a 15-pound boy, on the 20th inst.

A party from the Knob, accompanied by the P. K. Cornet Band, spent Sunday out in Madison county, at Judge Wigenstein's. All the farmers of the vicinity, their wives, sons and daughters, were there, and had a jollification that you would have to attend to appreciate. The Knob company arrived at 5:30, and the band gave some music. A good wash, and lunch was spread by mine host and wife, and, ye gods! what a lunch! If you know what a lunch is, I don't; for it was as square a meal as ever I had the good fortune to sit down to. After finishing the repast, which every one of the band boys did ample justice to, especially Georgey, the famous band-wagon driver, then came music, refreshments, music, and a stroll over to the Old Sam Hildebrand farm. After returning, more music, and refreshments. Dinner then came, to describe which would take more space than the editor would like to give. After dinner, music, dancing, and refreshments—particularly the latter, since we sat down to the table five times in four hours! How is that for high? The folks over in Madison live well, and from the above you will see that they are not lacking in hospitality. May we all live to greet them again. P. C. B.

The Bellevue Picnic.

The picnic announced for last Friday at Bellevue, we understand, was almost a failure—or almost abandoned—on account of Judge Stephens' death. However, there was dancing at night, and a game of baseball played in the evening between the Bellevue "Democrats" and the Ironton "Kids." The dancing was happily enjoyed till early in the morning by the young folks. A good supper was served, and everything passed off in a most desirable manner. The game of baseball was quite interesting, and was well enjoyed by every one present, as was "jowling" or unpleasantness occurred. The Bellevue boys proved entirely too much for our "kids," the score standing 15 to 27 in favor of the "Democrats." Our boys express themselves as being highly pleased with their trip, as there was nothing left undone by the victors to make the vanquished nine feel pleasant and enjoy the day. A good dinner was served, and cigars and other refreshments were furnished in abundance. The umpire, Mr. Wayne Logan, especially deserves being mentioned for the fair way that he umpired the game.

Ironton's Ghost Story.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in thy philosophy."

Ironton possesses that marvel of the 19th century—a haunted house. Gentle and ungentle readers, do not smile scornfully at this assertion, but read the above quotation, pause and reflect. It does not require the blue-eyed gaze of Tam O'Shanter, or even Alloway's said haunted Kirk to startle spirits, and convince us that things not of flesh and blood exist. After hearing of certain visitations that have taken place here in Ironton in the last three months, we are satisfied the readers of this paper will consider well before sending in their verdicts.

The house referred to belongs to a lady now residing in Illinois, and is at present occupied by a railroad man and wife, and one boarder. We do not give the names, because the parties interested are not anxious for newspaper notoriety; but they will doubtless be recognized by the residents of our city. The night of the 12th of July, was a clear, starlight, beautiful night—still and quiet—only the murmur of the zephyr to break the brooding silence. We fair mortals would not consider it the sort of night that "aud Nickerie Ben" would select in which to play his pranks—but mortals are ever poor judges.

On that night, about one o'clock in the morning, while all Ironton was at rest, and the inmates of this particular house were wrapped in slumber, an alarm was given at the outer door of said dwelling, consisting of three or four distinct knocks, as with bare knuckles. Being repeated, the lady arose and wished to know who knocked? No answer. Again came the raps, when she went to the door, opened it, and found no one there. Now this was strange, indeed, and, while pondering over it, the rapping commenced on the door at the rear of the house. To hurry thither took but a moment, and the door was thrown open—no one! The boarder now reached the scene of action, armed with a good-sized pistol, intending to give hearty welcome to the intruder. The rapping now became general. First on front door, then on door at the rear of the house, and finally on the inner doors and ceilings. The boarder informed us that by this time his senses were decidedly queer. He stationed himself at a window near the front door, revolver in hand, with the determination to wait for the party who was executing this "racket" at the dead hours of night—and, if found, to lay a tribute of affection at his feet—or near his feet—was not particular about the trifling location. Soon the rapping was resumed—once, two, three times—clear and distinct as a rap can be made by bare knuckles. The boarder gazed forth—darkness then, and nothing more! He now stationed himself so that his eyes could rest upon the porch just without the door, to wait for the knock. Again came the knocks, louder and more distinct than before, and no one in flesh and blood to give them! This was too much for mortal man to endure. He retreated in good order to the secret recesses of his room—not in fear, but because he disliked to encourage such entertainments with his presence. The rapping was kept up till morning. No more was heard from the unearthly visitor until the 12th of August, when the same formula was repeated, and again on Sept. 12th. On the night of the 12th of every month this "uncanny" visitor comes with his weird, unearthly din.

Now, how to account for it, is the next thing in order. We believe we can give a good reason for it. The old wife, to this house was built by one John Stanger, before the war. Shortly after its completion, Stanger went to Fredericktown to work—being a plasterer—but soon came home, sickened, and died very suddenly. This was late in the fall, and on the 12th of the month. Since that time he comes regularly the 12th of each month, to view his mortal habitation, and make the "grand rounds." If he finds the doors unlocked, he enters leaving them open. If the doors are found locked, he knocks for admission. This is our explanation of this matter. If any of the readers of this paper have a better one, send it in, and it will be duly considered.

Court Notes.

Before Esquire Dinger:
State vs. Joe Wigger. Assault and battery; plea of guilty, and fine and costs \$2.05.

State vs. S. P. Parker. Pettit larceny; tried by jury, and verdict of not guilty. The court taxed the costs against Mat. Dermody, the prosecuting witness, which amounted to \$17.45.

State vs. Henry Schluter. Disturbance of the peace; plea of guilty, and fine and costs \$10.00.

State vs. August Gieshe. Assault and battery; plea of guilty and fine and costs \$11.25.

All of the above fines and penalties have been paid.

Before S. E. McNeely:
State vs. Wm. B. Masters. Assault and battery; plea of guilty, and fine and costs \$24.70.

Gramm vs. Railroad company. Judgment for plaintiff for \$100.00 and costs.

Jake Sutton vs. railroad company; judgment for plaintiff for \$100.00 and costs.

Jos. Sutton vs. railroad company; judgment for plaintiff for \$100.00 and costs.

Ketcherside vs. railroad company; judgment for plaintiff for \$100.00 and costs.

Dunn vs. railroad company; judgment for plaintiff for \$100.00.

Rollinger vs. railroad company; judgment for plaintiff. We were unable to ascertain in what amount.

Before J. B. Hampton:
State vs. R. K. Stovall. Pettit larceny. Tried by court and acquitted.

FOR RENT—One hundred acres of good tillable land, lying one mile west of Ironton. Address E. K. GREASON, 2024 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Another Fatal Accident.

IRON MOUNTAIN, Mo., Sept. 21st, 1885.
Ed. Register.—In this correspondence I am called upon to record another one of those sad misfortunes, which sometimes befall the lives of some of our less fortunate fellow beings. It happened this time to Mr. Andy Hall, and adds another victim to the long list of train horrors.

On last Saturday evening, Hall, in company with F. M. Harris, left Graniteville to come on a visit to Arch Hall, and to spend Sunday at this place. They brought a bottle of whiskey along with them, it is said, and were drinking some; but it is claimed by Harris that they were not drunk. It is not known at what time they reached this place, but as late as one o'clock Sunday morning, it is said that Hall called at a friend's house up town, but did not stay long. He made a few inquiries, and then left, when it is supposed he afterwards met Harris and both went to the depot. Here they lay down on the platform and went to sleep; Hall with his legs over-hanging the edge of the platform, his feet resting on the ground near the track, it seems; while Harris lay down on the small incline near the wall of the freight-room. Shortly after the men went to sleep, the freight train, first 622, came along, struck Hall, dragged him from the platform and cut both legs nearly off; the left just below the knee, and the right just above the ankle joint; also inflicting a scalp wound with sufficient force to produce concussion of the brain. This happened about half past 2 o'clock Sunday morning. About the time the train was passing the depot, the engineer discovered the man, but not in time to prevent the horrible catastrophe. He reversed his engine, it is said, and stopped the train as soon as it could be done; but not until the train had passed the platform. The train men then went back, and found Hall in the condition described above. About this time, Mr. Jamison, who is watchman at the Iron Mountain Company's stables, heard a groaning in the direction of the depot, and went over to see who it was, and to find out what was the matter. He says he came up and in the darkness called out: "Who is that?" to which Hall answered: "It is that you, Mr. Jamison?" "Yes," answered Mr. J., "Who are you?" "Andy Hall," he replied. "What is the matter?" Mr. J. continued. "I am hurt, go for a doctor," said Hall. "How did you get hurt?" asked Mr. Jamison. "I don't know," said Hall. By this time Mr. Jamison had reached the spot, and found two of the train men and Harris working with Hall trying to get him upon the platform. When Harris knew nothing. Said that he was asleep and heard no train, and did not know that Hall was hurt for some time afterwards. The men placed the injured man on the platform, and sent for Dr. Pilley, who bandaged the wounds, and sent for Dr. Thomas. The train men then went on with their train, and as soon as help could be procured, the unfortunate man was taken to his brother's, a few yards from the depot, when all the aid and attention that could be rendered were given him. Dr. Thomas arrived about six o'clock, when he and Dr. Pilley thought to amputate the broken limbs; but after a careful examination of the patient, it was decided not to take off the legs as no good could result from such an operation. This was a wise decision, and saved the poor man unnecessary pain. He died at half past ten o'clock, and furnishes another sad example of the evil of Intemperance. His relatives and friends have our sympathy. H. C. D.

Acadia Items.

Rev. Father Hennessy, of St. John's Church, St. Louis, is visiting the convent this week.

Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Leathers, and Mrs. Myers, of Farmington, were in town this week.

Rev. J. C. Berryman left Saturday for Charleston, to attend the Southern Methodist Conference.

Miss Nannie Ringo, Miss Scoggin, and Miss Huff, of Ozark, spent Sunday in our town.

Mrs. Gausney is visiting relatives in St. Charles county.

Mrs. Andrews and Mrs. Cheatum went to the city last week.

Mrs. J. C. Berryman is visiting friends at Farmington.

Misses K. White, Zoe and Cora Roake, and Angle Scalzo, of St. Louis, came Wednesday to attend the Ursuline Convent.

Judge Langdon left for Dunklin county Saturday, accompanied by Mrs. Albert Langdon.

Mr. Jno. A. Hogue went to St. Louis last week.

Mrs. Jones and daughter, and Mrs. Johnson, after a month's sojourn with relatives, returned to their home in the Sunny South, (Mississippi).

Mrs. Blanton, of Fredericktown, was in town Wednesday.

The young ladies of the convent enjoyed a picnic at the Graniteville on Thursday. They were accompanied by Rev. Father Hennessy and Father Conroy, of Iron Mountain.

Mrs. Austin left for Dunklin county Saturday.

The Ursuline Convent has thirty boarders and more expected. The day school has a small attendance.

Prof. Fox has a large attendance at the public school.

Mr. Jos. Reyburn went to St. Louis Monday.

Mr. Paul Hincney left for the State of Mississippi last week.

Sept. 21st, 1885.

Excursion-Picnic.

PILOT KNOB, September 21st, 1885.

'Tis to be regretted that the elements interfered with what would have been a pleasant excursion on the 12th and 13th.

Everything was perfectly arranged for the comfort of all. There may have been a few unscrupulous people who delighted in the failure of it, but we think the majority of the Knob people enjoyed what little they saw of it.

There was no infraction of the law intended, and if bringing a number of people to the beautiful Valley of Acadia, and allowing them the privilege of breathing pure air and seeing the finest iron ore mine in the country is an infraction, then enough has been said.

'Tis well known that as a class the Germans are among our best law abiding, and each and all of them bring with them that feeling from their mother country, and think it no violation to drink a sociable glass of beer and allow their families to do the same.

Such excursions instead of being a detriment to the Valley, really benefit all. There were bad Angels in Heaven at one time, and surely we may look for at least a few fallen ones on this little earth.

Excursion.

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored, as it surely will be by the use of this remedy. A cure is warranted in every instance.

WANTED—A good girl at W. G. Dilts', Pilot Knob. Good wages.

Annapolis News.

ANNAPOLIS, Mo., September 20, 1885.

Ed. Register.—Business pretty good. J. W. Berryman runs his sawmill day and night now, to fill his orders for lumber.

And Carr, Towl and May are shipping considerable lumber, also.

R. A. Clarkson and T. W. Wadlow went to St. Louis Friday. They expect to attend the Exposition which they say is grand this year.

D. A. Johnson has just returned from a few days' visit to Hot Springs, Ark. He brought some beautiful samples of crystal and Hot Springs diamonds, which he has on exhibition in his saloon.

Miss Mamie Morrison, Piedmont, was visiting here one day last week.

Mr. McKnight is working as night operator and Miss Wadlow as agent, during Mr. Wadlow's absence to St. Louis.

School will open up to-morrow, conducted by Prof. Woodside.

Health, generally, good in this vicinity. We understand the St. L., I. M. & S. Ry. Company will sell tickets at one fare for the round trip during the St. Louis Fair. This will give everybody a chance to attend.

Yours, LOUIS.

From Des Arc.

DES ARC, Mo., Sept. 20th, 1885.

Ed. Register.—It is time for a few items from our town.

This has been pay week for the quarries, railroads, and saw mills, and it has lived up to the name.

They are also getting out hooped and piling; so there is no lack for work here now.

Sickness in this part of our country is unknown. Doc Clarkson's pill-bags have hung so long that they have become mill-dewed or rusty.

Our town is made lively every Saturday by the boys having a shooting match for beef, and everything goes off quiet and easy.

Miss Jennie Clarkson is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Omohundro.

Mr. Cope is here, visiting friends, &c.

Miss Buckman, of Annapolis, is a guest of Mr. Burman's.

Mrs. J. M. Morris is off on a visit to North Missouri, to see her brother, and to recruit her health.

Church service here to-day by Bro. Hardy (Methodist).

Mrs. Thos. Farrar and family leave to-night to visit her mother in Washington county.

Our public school is moving on finely, with Miss Minnie Collins in the chair.

Our agent, Mr. Parson, has returned to his post, after a month's lay-off. ISAAC.

From Black P. O.

Ed. Register.—Again we make an effort to give you a few items from this point. Health, with the exception of a few cases of well developed chills, is reasonably good. Sunday, owing to the vast amount of rain, there was no Sabbath School at the above named point.

Monday, 14th inst., we were edified by a very pleasant interview with Rev. C. T. Fort, of Washington county. Mr. Fort was accompanied by his exceptionally interesting wife, on his way to his home. Sunday, 13th inst., Mr. Fort delivered a very elegant sermon to a large and intelligent audience at Black. Mr. Fort, in his discourse, showed very clearly—as we have long believed—that our very characters are largely the result of impression formed during childhood.

We know, as a scientific fact, that force—a gift from God—is never destroyed. The mind, being material, is moved by force. What is that force by which it is moved? It is nothing more nor less than the impressions formed on the mind and character during every day of our existence. How infinitely great, then, is, or at least should be, the responsibility of parent, teachers and others. If we form, on the character of an individual, an impression for good, or evil, we are responsible—a force—will never cease to have its effect; they will determine largely the future destiny of ages to come. If the impressions formed on others, ceased their effects at our death, the responsibility would then be very great; but at death they have only begun their effect—as an indestructible force.

With an aching heart, we have just received the sad intelligence of the death of an old classmate of mine, of Ewing College, Ill.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike the inevitable hour. The paths of glory lead to the grave."

The store house, of which we spoke in our last, is being rapidly built.

Collector Stevens, of Centerville, has been with us two or three days this week.

A correspondent of the *Herald* noticed an article of ours, in the *Outlook*, written on the subject of "The Mind." We will assure him that the thoughts contained in the said article were ours; and that, had his mind been taken as a standpoint, an article of four or five lines would have expressed all pertaining to it.

Mrs. Julia Walden gave us a pleasant call Monday, on her return from a visit to her relatives at Bellevue. Mrs. Walden says that she did not enjoy herself very well, owing, we presume, to the fact that Mr. Hartman—her brother-in-law—was dangerously ill.

Mr. Thos. Bell is home on a visit.

There is nothing so prevalent in this vicinity, as "apple cuttings"—one Monday night; Tuesday night. We presume that dried apples will be reasonably cheap this Autumn.

Mr. James Bell gave us a visit to-day. Mr. B. says we need more such papers as the *REGISTER*—a very wise conclusion.

We learn that the *Herald* will cease to exist after this week's issue. May flowers—beautiful flowers—grow in the editor's pathway, wherever his lot be cast.

Present indications presage an early frost. The wedding, of which we spoke, in our last, has not as yet "come off."

Our postmaster, Mr. W. H. Shy, made a special trip to Ironton last week.

Sunday, 13th inst., your correspondent had an edifying talk with Mr. and Mrs. Huston Latham, of Goodland.

Mr. Levi H. Webb, of Black P. O., gave us a pleasant call, Monday last. Mr. Webb is a Christian gentleman.

J. T. PATTERSON. BLACK P. O., Mo., Sept. 19th.

The tenacity with which people abide by their early faith in Ayer's Sarsaparilla can only be explained by the fact that it is the best blood medicine ever used, and is not approached in excellence by any new candidate for public favor.

FOR SALE.—I have a good Mare and Two Horse Wagon for sale cheap. JAMES WELCH, Ironton, Mo.

Obituary.

DIED.—JOSEPH L. STEPHENS, at 11 P. M. on September 15th, 1885, at his residence, where he has lived since early in the year 1880, near Bellevue, now Iron County, Missouri, full of years and of honors.

The deceased was born near Bowling Green, Ky., on December 20th, 1812, and at his death was aged 72 years 8 months and 16 days. He emigrated to, and settled in, that part of Washington county, Missouri, which has since been incorporated in, and is now part of Iron county, about the year 1824. He and his now widow, Louiza Wiatt, were joined in marriage on March 24th, 1836, and thereupon they moved to the farm one mile east of Bellevue where they lived continuously until their long union was dissolved by death.

His occupation was that of a farmer, and of a stone mason. On November 18th, 1885, he went into partnership with his son-in-law, in the mercantile business, and therein continued for ten years. He served as a Judge of the County Court of Iron county for two terms (eight years), and during which time he further enhanced his reputation as a financier, in managing the county affairs; after which he retired to private life, attending only to his home duties and his financial affairs, which latter were, by his exceptional skill, left in a very prosperous condition.

He leaves an aged widow who through youth, middle age, and to senility, joyed with his joys, and sorrowed with his sorrows; a daughter who has already passed middle age, a grandson whom he has watched through early youth, and into a promising manhood, and two great grandchildren whose innocent prattle amused his weary hours, to mourn his loss.

As is true that "We are unwilling to go down into the Grave even with Princes for bed fellows," so, it is also true, that no matter how rosy the hope, and bright the promise for the Afterlife of our loved ones, we are unwilling to surrender them at the call of the dread angel of Death. But in reviewing the life of a good man there is consolation for the most despondent, and the hope of and belief in the meeting of loved ones after death and the knowledge of an eternity to be spent in union by souls here linked together, in the presence, and in the Heaven of the Great Jehovah, is and should be the hope and consolation of the friends and kindred of this noble work of God—Joseph L. Stephens.

The longest life of man is but a brief span, soon passed; he is born, he grows, and, as strong, he does his life's work, and dies; his body returns to the dust whence it came, and the places which, once, in the body, knew him, know him no more. But there are things which do not pass away with man's breath. His vital, indestructible, eternal principle, his soul never dies; nor does his good name. By reason of the acts of man in life, after death his name is soon forgotten, or transmitted to posterity as a synonym of contempt, or is handed down to succeeding ages as a representative of that which should be copied; and so it is with Joseph L. Stephens. Energetic in mind and body, he increased the talents entrusted to him, nor did he pass his life in the sloth condemned by Sallust. Sterling and honest in his principles, he rendered unto Caesar those things which were Caesar's. Strong in convictions, he never feared to approve the right, nor to rebuke the wrong. Characterable by nature, he ever sought to find good in others; "When that the poor hath cried" he bethought himself of alleviating their distresses. He did by others according to the rule by which he patterned his life, doing unto others